

LAST SLEEP OF THE RENOWNED SEVENTH CAVALRY  
GRAVES OF GALLANT GEN. CUSTER AND COMMAND, MASSACRED BY INDIANS NEAR SHERIDAN, WYO., IN 1876



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**TE** dum! Te dum! Te dum!  
There's a few of us left who know—  
There's a few of us left, and our minds  
wing back  
To the whine of the shell and the battle's black  
That blotted the sun from the heart of day;  
There's a few of us left—and a few is all—  
Who swung to the front at our country's call,  
And ever and ever we live it o'er,  
For the life must shun what we knew of yore,  
But hark to our teller of tales, the drum—  
Te dum! Te dum! Te dum!

**TE** dum! Te dum! Te dum!  
There's a few of us left who know—  
There's a few of us left who, with arm  
drawn breath  
Have smiled in the face of the despot death,  
And war is a braggar our hands laid low;  
There's only a few of us left to know.



And our lips are parted and may not tell  
That we spent four years in the heart of hell—  
Some of us did, and the rest are dead,  
And the drum must whisper their dreams instead.  
Hear, then, from the lips of the veteran drum—  
Te dum! Te dum! Te dum!

**TE** dum! Te dum! Te dum!  
There's a few of us left who know—  
There's a few of us left, and our heads  
are gray,  
And we dream of the strenuous times away  
When man met man of his breed and blood,  
And dead men lay in the grim and mud,  
And the big guns boomed: "We are here to kill!  
We are here to shatter you—strength and will!  
And your lips must write to the crimson kiss  
Of war, while a requiem such as this  
Shall find you dead in her red embrace,  
Cold clay on the sword of the battle place!"  
But hark to our echoing bard, the drum—  
Te dum! Te dum! Te dum!

**Inconsistency.**  
What, then, shall we say of that sort  
of protection for American working-  
men which, while imposing duties  
upon goods under the pretense that  
they are made by "pauper labor," free-  
ly admits the "pauper laborer" him-  
self?—Henry George.



OLD CHIEF RED CLOUD

Who claims to have taken an active part in the Custer massacre.

## WINFIELD PAINE'S NEIGHBOR

A Story of Memorial Day.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.  
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**J**ANE FLETCHER, walking slowly along the road, saw Winfield Paine leaning over his garden gate. The old man's sightless eyes were turned toward the town, whence came the distant rattle and shrill of drum and life.

Mr. Paine turned as her light step sounded on the path.  
"I'm glad somebody's happened along," he said peevishly. "This is the



"I WILL GO WITH YOU."

first year that I ain't been sent for to join the parade. I expect it's all the doings of that new feller, Addison Smith. Now he's come to run the town they don't set any store by me,

that's the only one left in Greenville that fit in the civil war. It's all them Spanish veterans now."

Jane Fletcher's pink cheeks paled a little.

"You want to walk in the parade today and there is no one to go with you—Is that the trouble, Mr. Paine?" she asked gently.

"That's it," he returned querulously.

"Mrs. Bibbins, my housekeeper, she's gone off with a pack of wimmin folks and left me alone just because I'm blind and useless. If my son Stephen was here I'd—"

"I will go with you, Mr. Paine," said Jane timidly. "If you will place your hand on my shoulder—the parade is forming now."

Winfield Paine settled his Grand Army hat on his head and buttoned his blue cloth coat about his tall, spare figure.

"I most always have a flag to carry," he said suggestively, "but Widow Bibbins said she couldn't find where Stephen put it."

"Wait a minute," said Jane breathlessly. She opened the gate and ran up the path to the neat flower bed under the parlor windows.

When she returned she thrust a bouquet into the trembling old hands.

"Red, white and blue," she said softly—"red and white geraniums and bright blue ageratum. Come!"

"Who to you?" demanded Mr. Paine as they walked down the road, the tall old man and the slender girl leaning her shoulder to his gripping hand.

"A neighbor," said Jane in a low tone.

"A neighbor! Maybe you're Jacob Gillan's daughter Mary?"

"No; I don't live very near to you, but I'm one of your neighbors," she said.

"Do you know Jane Fletcher?" asked the old man, with startling suddenness.

"Yes, of course I know her," gasped Jane.

There was a long silence after that until they reached the head of the vil-

lage street. In the distance there were the glitter of sunlight on brass, and the flourish of flags, and the sound of a drum.

"I expect it looks beautiful," said Mr. Paine wistfully. "If it hadn't been for that Fletcher girl my son Stephen would be here today instead of working away down in New York. It's the



KEEPING STEP TO THE MUSIC.

first year Steve ain't marched in the parade alongside of me since I was blind."

The girl winced. "I never heard that Jane Fletcher sent your son away," she said coldly.

"She might as well. Says I to Stephen: 'You marry John Fletcher's daughter and I'm done with you. You don't get my blessing. I forbid it.'"

Jane Fletcher was silent, her red lips pressed together in a straight line.

"And the scamp says, says he, 'I won't marry her if it will make you unhappy, but I can't stay here and see her every day, so I'll just go away,' and he went."

The parade was forming on the village green. Mr. Paine's hand slipped from Jane's shoulder to her soft, cool palm, and slowly she led him into the van of the procession.

Voices greeted him cordially on every side, and those who had forgotten his existence on this day, sacred to heroes like himself, shamefacedly made a place for him at the head of the little company of men who had served in the war with Spain.

"I will leave you now, Mr. Paine," said Jane Fletcher, withdrawing her hand from his clasp.

His lean fingers closed about hers tightly. "No, you don't. You'll just march along with me, little neighbor. You and me will lead this procession."

Jane blushed tremulously as she encountered curious eyes bent upon her. Unconsciously imitating the blind man, she drew her slim young figure to its full height.

"My father was a soldier," she said in defiant explanation.

Some one thrust a flag into her hand, and then the band commenced to play,

and the procession moved slowly down the street toward the cemetery.

Side by side with Winfield Paine marched Jane Fletcher, his arm across her shoulder, keeping step to the martial music, and when they paused at the entrance to the cemetery and the strains of the national anthem broke forth Jane's sweet soprano rose high above the deep voices of the men.

After the services were over, when the flowers and flags had been placed upon the lowly mounds that marked the graves of sleeping heroes, the parade returned to the village.

The depot stage rolled by, and from its depths a pair of incredulous gray eyes watched Jane Fletcher and old Winfield Paine as they marched together.

When it was ended and the blind man and the girl had climbed the hill to the Paine homestead Jane spoke defiantly:

"Perhaps you would not have gone with me if you had known who I was, Mr. Paine. I was afraid you would be disappointed if you did not march in the parade, so I went with you, but I am—"

"You are Jane Fletcher," interrupted the old man calmly. "I recognized your mother's voice the minute you spoke."

"And you—and you"—The girl's voice broke.

"And I wanted you should come along with me just the same. Your father got my sweetheart away from me, but your voice is like hers, and I ain't forgot, and I'd like to have you near me even if I did say Steve shouldn't marry a Fletcher."

Jane was crying softly.

"You be a lonely little orphan girl, I guess," said Winfield Paine tenderly, "and me and Stephen 'll have to take care of you. Just as soon's I can get

word to Steve— He's coming now! Look, little Jane!"

Jane turned. "He is!" she cried joyfully as a tall form came swiftly up the hill toward them. "You couldn't see him! How did you know?"



"HE'S COMING NOW."

Teacher Taft—Now, there are good trusts and bad trusts. All of you who are good trusts hold up your hands! (Notice the unanimity with which the hand are up!)—Baltimore sun.

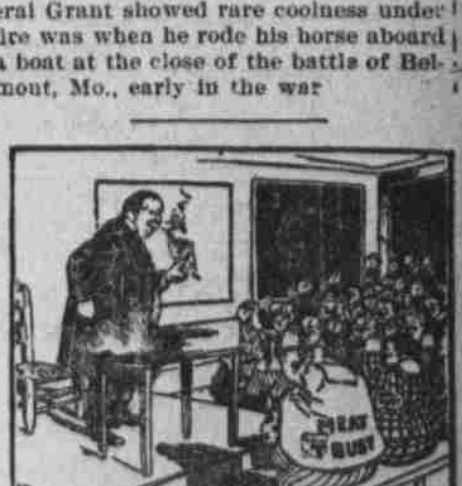
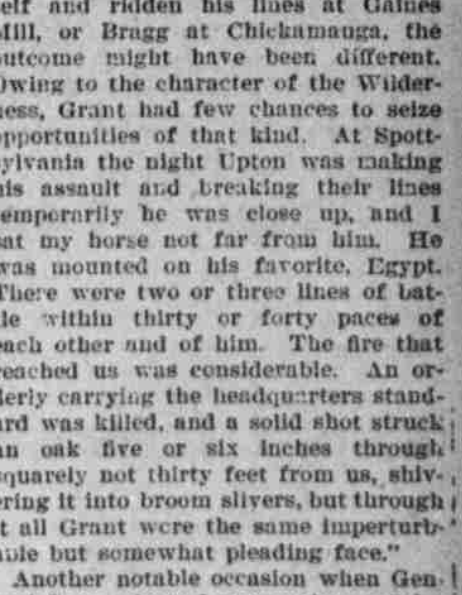
Winfield Paine nodded his head sagely. "I ain't so blind as I was about some things, thank God! And you and Stephen can be just as glad to see each other as you like, little Jane, because I won't look!"

**Grant Under Fire.**  
A veteran has this to say of Grant's bravery:

"For the information of those who have never been in battle let me say, without seeming didactic, that the commanding general or his corps commanders are rarely where the artists have depicted them—on rearing horses or directing amid a sheet of fire. There are times, however, when the artist is true to life, as when Sheridan, seeing Ayres and his regulars recoiling for a moment under a terrific fire at Five Forks, dashed in, and there and then with those flashing eyes he might have been painted."

"Suppose McClellan had shown himself and ridden his lines at Gaines Mill, or Bragg at Chickamauga, the outcome might have been different. Owing to the character of the Wilderness, Grant had few chances to seize opportunities of that kind. At Spottsylvania the night Upton was making his assault and breaking their lines temporarily he was close up, and I sat my horse not far from him. He was mounted on his favorite, Egypt. There were two or three lines of battle within thirty or forty paces of each other and of him. The fire that reached us was considerable. An orderly carrying the headquarters standard was killed, and a solid shot struck an oak five or six inches through, squarely not thirty feet from us, shivering it into broom slivers, but through it all Grant wore the same imperturbable but somewhat pleading face."

Another notable occasion when General Grant showed rare coolness under fire was when he rode his horse aboard a boat at the close of the battle of Belmont, Mo., early in the war.



Teacher Taft—Now, there are good trusts and bad trusts. All of you who are good trusts hold up your hands! (Notice the unanimity with which the hand are up!)—Baltimore sun.